Trope: College AU (Hannigram AU)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11164074.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Freddie Lounds, Francis Dolarhyde
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Verse, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Will, Omega Hannibal, Alpha Francis, Furry, Fursuits, sex in fursuits, yiffing, Alternate Universe - College/University, Lamb Will, Stag Hannibal, Dragon Francis, pre-heat, Scenting, sex in a semi-public place, Rimming, Anal Sex, Knotting, messy sex, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 13 of Trope Trope: Exploring fic tropes in an Omegaverse setting, Part 46 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 33 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics
Collections:	#JustFuckMeUp2
Stats:	Published: 2017-06-10 Completed: 2017-06-16 Words: 8,279 Chapters: 3/3

Trope: College AU (Hannigram AU)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will loses a dare with bestie Bev which results in him having to attend a furry convention with his weirdo roommate Francis. Between that and Alana breaking up with him, this semester pretty much sucks. Will can't decide if the fact that Francis is bringing his snooty (and pretty hot) friend Hannibal to the convention is going to make it better or worse.

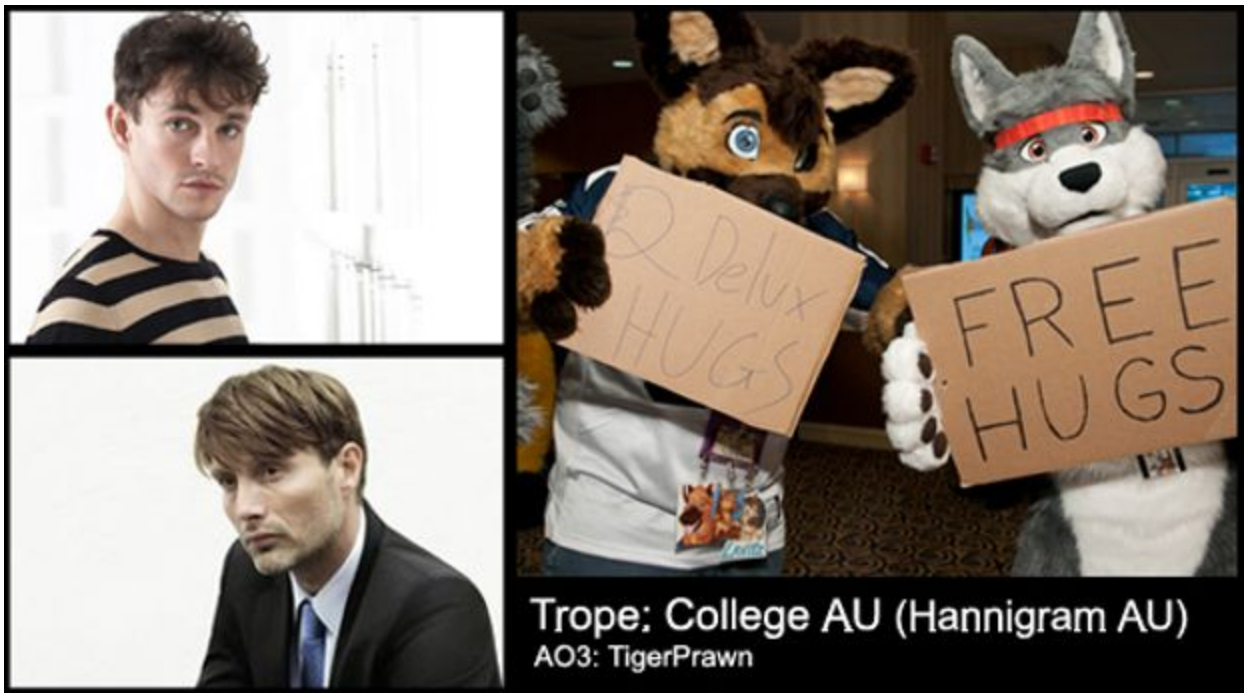
vaguely inspired by this amazing art

Notes

So, I've never written furries before and loved this so much I have another furry fic in the works! As with my JFMU BDSM fic last year (Just Fuck Me Into Subspace), I did my research here and also spoke to persons knowledgeable on the subject, but if anything seems incorrect in regards to furrydom, please let me know.

I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did writing it!

Chapter 1



Will clenched his jaw until the muscle hurt. Why he let Bev talk him into this ridiculous game was beyond him. If he'd wanted to mess around with stupid games like this he'd have joined a fraternity. Or tried at least.

Of course, the reality of it was that he could have said no. He knew that more keenly than ever now that he watched her chug down the mix of eggs and other crap from the fridge, grinning at him the whole time. Why were they doing this? Why was he even at this house party? They always got out of control. Anything with Bev, Jimmy and Zeller at the centre of it usually did. This wasn't the first time he'd found himself somehow talked into an insane dare or bet with one or more of the med students. Med students were hardcore. He wasn't even sure Bev had slept at all this semester, but he was sure she was about to neck the contents of the pint glass and he was going to be losing yet another bet.

She clunked down the glass with a shit eating grin and wiped the residue of eggs from her lips.

"Graham you suck!" Came the cry from Zeller across the busy room. The small crowd of inebriated students gathered around the table jeered at him and the glass he had barely managed a sip from before knowing he would throw up if he tried.

Bev was laughing uncontrollable and leaning against Jimmy so she didn't fall off her chair.

"Oh Will. You poor bastard." She could barely breathe she was laughing so much.

He narrowed his eyes but shrugged. He lost. His punishment? To spend the following weekend hanging out with his annoying as shit roommate, Francis Dolarhyde. *Dullard*, Zeller

called him. He was… weird, and that always felt like a bad thing coming from Will who never classed himself as quite run of the mill. But that alpha? He had some strange interests, sucked at socialising and yet was a total gym bunny. Will still couldn't quite get his head around the guy. Well, maybe this was his chance to try? It wasn't like it would make rooming together any more awkward than it already was.

Bev's laughter finally started to subside but her cheeks were streaming with tears. "Oh god, Will you don't know. Do you? *I* know where he's going at the weekend… his hobby…" she burst into laughter again and Will frowned.

Hobby? He went to the gym a lot. Art galleries - he practically devoured art, which made sense considering he was studying art history. Sometimes he…

Oh shit. No, no, no.

Bev pointed at him and practically screamed with laughter as she clocked his realisation. Will's mind flashed to the outfit he'd seen laid out on Francis' bed one day. The strange, fluffy red onesie-extreme that Francis seemed completely unbothered by. A hobby, a dismissive wave of his hand, you wouldn't understand. No, he was probably right. Fuzzies? Furries? Something like that. Will wasn't entirely sure what it was, he just knew he'd never really cared to find out.

He groaned. Bev fell off her chair.

*

It was already Thursday. Will had been putting this off all week, but how did you casually raise in conversation with a roommate you didn't much care for, that you wanted to spend the weekend with them at some fuzzy event?

The opportunity finally came on the Thursday evening when Will got in from class. Frank sat on his bed, fluffy red onesie in lap as he sewed.

"Oh, hey Frank. How's it going?" Will aimed for casual, and slightly more friendly than his usual grunts. It was met with a look of suspicion from Francis.

"Fine. And you?" Came the stilted reply.

"Yeah, yeah." Will was so damn casual that Francis narrowed his eyes. Will soldiered on. "Oh, is that for your, uh, fuzzy weekend thing?"

"Furries. The word is furries. And yes." Frank's deep voice rumbled and he looked back to the bit of costume he appeared to be mending.

"Yeah, furries. Right." Will clenched his jaw. Why was he even doing this? Oh, yeah because Bev would be even more insufferable than usual if he didn't. "I remember you mentioned it before. Sounds interesting." Will dropped his book bag onto his bed and took out his laptop. Casually. "Don't suppose you'd mind company? I'm curious. It, uh, sounds… fun."

The look Frank gave him was so cold that Will nearly reneged. Not because he was intimidated at all, but because the thought of voluntarily spending any time with Francis that he didn't have to was violently unpleasant.

The silence stretched out until Will was holding his breath, and then Frank looked away again and replied. “I don’t know… I’m taking a date.”

Well, this couldn’t get any worse Will was sure.

“Hannibal Lecter, from my class. I don’t know if you know him?”

Oh no, it could definitely get worse.

*

“Who is Hannibal Lecter?” Bev asked. She was rummaging through the musty costumes, not wanting Will to suffer any part of this humiliation alone and unseen.

They had already been in the attic section ‘rentals department’ of the antiquated costume and party store for quite some time and Will’s nose was starting to twitch at the copious plumes of dust Bev was releasing. He had no idea what you were meant to wear to these things, but he didn’t want seem like a complete asshole or stand out like a sore thumb for not wearing something appropriate.

“Oh, you’d know him if you saw him. That stuck up ass who always wears the nice suits? He takes Art History with Francis, and I know he’s friends with Alana, not close but she mentioned him a couple of times. Guy seems like a prig. I just hate the thought of spending the day with one of Alana’s friends-”

Bev turned and gave him a sharp look. “Will Graham, we were not going to mention that name!”

He scowled but made the action of locking his lips and throwing away the key. He couldn’t blame her though. Bev had been on the receiving end of many drunken late night sobbing phone calls from Will after Alana broke up with him before the end of last term. They’d only been together a few months, and yeah maybe it was never going to work out with a beta - but he’d liked her. From the first moment he met her he’d thought her very kissable…

But maybe he was, as Bev said, a naive southern boy that was never going to be alpha enough for a beta so into the alpha type. And Bev was an authority considering she wasn’t exactly the most alpha alpha out there. Lucky for her she seemed just the right type of alpha for Freddie Lounds, who *was* one of the most alpha alphas Will had ever met.

He resolved not to mention for the umpteenth time that Alana had stomped on his heart after she ripped it out of his chest - or more accurately after dumping him via an email listing the ways in which it just wasn’t going to work out. Bev didn’t need a rehash of all that shit, as much as she deserved it for their current situation.

“Oh *him!* I don’t know. Talked to him at one of the Kappa Delta Phi parties, seemed nice enough.” She shrugged and Will clenched his jaw. “Hey! This!” She finally pulled a costume from the rack and held it toward him as it flaked dust onto the floor.

“Actually…” It was a dog costume. Will had a fondness for dogs, having walked neighbour’s dogs for pocket money when he was kid but never been allowed his own on account of the cost. Maybe a dog would have been his patronus? So in a weird way that might work out?

He took hold of the costume, nose itching from the dust it further puffed into the air, and held it as close to himself as he dared. It was beyond too small, it was a child's size for sure.

“Sir… do you have this bigger?” Bev called across to the old man standing at the cluttered till point that apparently also served as a seamstress bench.

He looked up from sewing some buttons onto a historical jacket and squinted. “Those are for the kids, kiddies costumes. Adults are over there.” He pointed to the other end of the expansive, crap filled room

Will shot Bev a glare. She just grinned.

“We’ve been digging in the wrong place!” She exclaimed in the worst faux middle-eastern accent Will had ever heard. He ignored her Indiana Jones ridiculousness and started across the room.

“Won’t find dogs there though.” The old man interjected. “We don’t have animal costumes in the adult department. Not really any call for them.” He eyed them both warily.

“Are you serious?” Bev’s tone was all attitude. “Dude, we’ve been looking in this dusty old place for about…” she checked her watch “six long years and now you tell us?!”

“You looking for a dog costume?” He ignored Bev and turned the question on Will, all suspicion.

Will shrugged. “Any animal really.” It was weird that part of him was bummed out about not getting to be a dog.

The man narrowed his eyes and held up a finger. “Wait here.” He disappeared into the stock room behind him.

Bev was at his side in a moment pulling on his sleeve. “I… think we should get out of here before he tries to lure us into that dark room with some candy.”

Will rolled his eyes. “Do you know of any other costume shops in town? It isn’t like we can drive into Baltimore or get something online at this short notice. I have a lecture in two hours and this morning has already been a bust-”

They were both startled by a package being dropped heavily onto the counter. They turned to see yet another plume of dust rising from it, the old man slowly becoming visible as it dissipated.

“Ordered this in special for some fella. Wanted it for some student theatre whatnot last year but he never collected it.” The scowl was on both his face and in his voice.

“What was the play?” Bev asked, edging closer to the desk, Will a step behind.

“Damned if I know.” The man was glaring at them again. “You want it or what?” He eyed Will up and down. “It’ll fit you just fine, young and slim like that. Might suit you too.” The man seemed to grin at his own joke. It wasn’t a pretty sight.

“I can bring it back after the weekend, so-”

“This ain't no rental sonny, I want this stock off my hands. You buying or not?”

“How much?” Will asked cautiously.

“Sixty dollars plus tax.” The man replied.

Will was out then. That was it. He wasn’t going to waste good money just to save face with Bev, but then Bev was pulling her wallet.

“Call it an early Christmas present.” She winked at Will and he had to hold back a growl. “What is it anyway?” She asked the old man.

Will and Bev leaned in, trying to make out the picture on the packaging.

“Oh fuck.” Will sighed.

*

“Your girlfriend is a fucking menace.”

“Well, hello to you too Will, you kissed Alana with that mouth?” The dig was low, but then Freddie was always going to go for the low blow with anyone talking shit about Bev, and he actually respected her for that.

“This dare.” He bemoaned, dropping into the seat next to hers in the lecture hall. They had most of their classes together considering they were both majoring in Literature and Creative Writing. Will was only there by the grace of a scholarship earned by an award winning murder mystery he’d written in senior high.

“Ah yes, well… you’re on your own there. You’ve known her long enough to know better. I don’t know why you both get into this shit everytime. Is it some weird alpha pissing contest that passed me by?” Freddie didn’t look at him once. In fact she spoke as she still tapped away at the keypad on her laptop - writing her latest column as editor of the student paper.

He grumbled because he actually couldn’t argue, given that Freddie was right. He was saved from admitting that when the professor walked in and everyone started to hush.

The lecture was on early Crime fiction, but it could have been on anything, Will wasn’t really paying attention. His mind was full of the humiliation ahead and of Alana and weird Francis

and uptight Hannibal. Urgh, why was he going ahead with this? He'd gone too far to back out now, especially as Bev had laid down money.

He only realised the class ended when Freddie turned to him as she packed her laptop and said. "Don't ask my help in getting out of this, you two are as bad as each other. I'm not getting involved…" she seemed thoughtful for a moment. "However, if you fancy writing a little something for the paper on your experiences at this 'convention'" - she put in air quotes - "then I'd be delighted to put it in the next issue."

He huffed. "I write fiction, Freddie."

"So does the news." She grinned. "Don't you watch CNN?" She was still smiling as she stood and walked off.

Well, at least it was a good incentive? He could fool himself into thinking that there was a greater reason for doing this than just losing a stupid dare.

*

Will was itchy.

Maybe he should have worn more than just a vest and underwear beneath the costume but he anticipated it getting pretty sweaty. With hindsight he should have allowed for the cheap roughness of the inside of the plush white lamb costume.

He tried not to scratch, but absently wriggled in the passenger seat anyway and Bev laughed. He shot her a glare.

"Awww, poor fluffy Graham." She baby talked at him and he huffed.

It felt both too soon and not soon enough when they pulled up outside the convention centre. Frank was picking up Hannibal and so Will said he'd get a lift from Bev and meet them there. She of course had been eager to oblige.

He sat and watched out the window for a minute. A lot of people weren't dressed up much or at all, which surprised him - but those that were had the most lavish costumes he'd ever seen. He'd never got a proper look at Frank's and now he was regretting it. These costumes definitely cost more than sixty bucks. Even he was wowed by a lot of them. He'd gone from feeling self conscious about getting out of the car in costume to being self conscious about getting out of the car in *this* costume. Given the amount of people not dressed up at all, he would likely have got away with wearing normal clothes… shame he only had his underwear on underneath.

"Fuck." He muttered.

"It's fine Will, look, there's Frank. Just go… have a good time, or whatever." Bev was grinning a little too much.

He followed her line of sight and saw Frank.

“Holy. Shit.” He groaned. Frank’s costume was just shy of over the top, and clearly being admired for it. “He looks like Blake’s Great Red Fucking Dragon.” Will shook his head.

“The poet? I think Freddie wrote a paper on him.”

“He was an artist too. Did these… well, it doesn’t matter. That fucking costume is almost a spot on replica other than it being furry and a lot more red than the watercolour. Urgh.” He looked down at his own costume suddenly feeling inadequate. Of course the fucking Art Historian would be wearing *that*!

“Come on Will. Like ripping off a band aid.” She leaned over him and opened the car door before giving him a gentle shove.

He groaned again but shuffled out of the car. He decided not to look back at Bev’s smug, shit eating grin as he made his way across the lot and to the convention centre.

Avoiding Bev’s expression was one thing, Frank’s was another.

“Hey Francis. Where’s Hannibal?” Will was almost hoping the omega had dropped out so at least on one person from school saw him like this, not counting Bev.

Frank looked him up and down with a sort of sneer.

“Will… that is…” he gave an indignant huff. “You didn’t need to dress up. But, that’s cute.. I guess.” The tone gave away an obnoxious level of condescension he’d never heard from Frank before.

Will felt bad. Frank was weird, and living together was awkward, but he wouldn’t have deliberately offended the guy. “I… I didn’t have much money and I’m new? I didn’t realise that you didn’t have to dress up… or that the costumes are so…” He waved his hand indicating Frank’s lavish get up.

Frank hummed a tone of displeasure before saying - “I registered online, Hannibal has just gone to buy tickets for you and him. He said you can pay him later, the queue was getting long.”

The idea of it riled Will, but he felt too shitty about the whole thing to even mention it. Maybe he would be better off just stripping to his underwear?

They waited in an uncomfortable silence, both receiving the looks of other convention goers for completely different reasons.

He caught Hannibal’s scent slightly before he saw the omega, and knew immediately that they seemed to be two of the few people there who hadn’t factored sweating into their attire. Not that it was a bad smell, if anything it was the opposite. Will could stand to let that omega sweat over him all night and day.

The thought caught him off guard. He hadn’t reacted so strongly to an omega’s scent since he was a horny teenager.

When he saw the costume he wanted to groan for very different reasons than before. The omega's costume was better than his in quality but not massively so. Still nothing as ostentatious as Frank's, essentially little more than a onesie. But… it was so plush and begged to be touched. A black, imposing, even regal stag complete with beautifully crafted antler headdress.

Fuck.

Will swallowed and ignored the quirked eyebrow that Hannibal gave him, hoping it wasn't because the omega had just caught the scent of his arousal. Because damn, if there wasn't anything hotter to Will graham than a powerful, self-possessed omega.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Things at the furry convention start to heat up!

“Hello Will, I see you are a little lacking in the costume department too.” Hannibal gave him his ticket and a smile.

Will felt his face heat and mumbled a thanks as he took the ticket.

“Don't call them costumes. They are fursuits.” Francis correct with ire and no little embarrassment. He was clearly a big deal at this place so having the two of them tagging along was probably ruining his cred. The thought was slightly bizarre to Will, like the world had been flipped.

Frank strode off, clearly expecting them to follow, which they did after sharing a comradery look.

“It’s ok, he wasn’t happy with my efforts either.” Hannibal chuckled. “He didn’t explain that costumes - fursuits - were not necessary, and so I had this tailored. I realise now it would have been more appropriate to not wear a costume at all.”

Will shrugged.

Inside almost everyone was not in fursuits, some wore ears and tails or slightly less over the top costumes, but he and Hannibal had definitely got the wrong memo on this thing. They moved quickly through the ticket check and into a main hall where Francis seemed to be known and received well by everyone, especially the crowd of those actually in fursuits. Despite having initially found this out of the ordinary, Will began to feel sort of cheered by the idea. He wasn't exactly one or the cool kids himself, there were plenty of people who found him weird or just irrationally disliked him for being there on a scholarship. To see that Frank had a niche where he was one of the popular kids was… kinda cool.

It was also kinda boring. Hannibal was making a good show of admiring tables selling art but he seemed bored. Just too polite to let it really show. Certainly Frank wasn't picking up on it. He was too busy talking to some friends dressed as wolves or huskies or something. They were holding signs saying they were offering hugs and they all seemed to be laughing merrily.

He was going to strike out at this rate. Will was almost tempted to drop a hint to the dragon.

Almost.

The thing stopping him was the waft of sweat and thick omega scent coming from Hannibal every time he moved. It pulled at him in a way that was making him feel uncomfortable. Uncomfortable in the sort of way that precluded him giving pointers to another alpha on how to win the omega. Not that he was at all an expert, he'd only ever dated one omega, and a few betas - Bev was right, he just wasn't alpha enough for most omegas.

The thought soured him and he let out a heavy sigh.

Hannibal turned and looked at it him at that. "Are you alright, Will?"

"Huh? Yeah, fine. Fine." He moved over to Hannibal to not seem rude, looking down at the art. It wasn't half bad in execution but maybe not something he'd put on his wall. He wondered the same of Hannibal. "You, um, aren't into all this then?" He was tentative.

"Not previously, no. But Francis invited me and I find it intriguing." Hannibal trailed off and shrugged.

Will felt compelled to keep the omega company, trying to ignore how much of that was down to the rich scent coming from the stag, rather than his own chivalry. They started to take a slow walk around the exhibition hall - more art, custom costumes and accessories. Will felt himself blush when Hannibal held up a little ribbon and bell clearly meant for sheep suits better than his own -

"It's your colour. Brings out your eyes." Hannibal teased of the pale blue ribbon and bell before placing it back on the table.

"So, uh… what's your major?" Will asked, groaning inwardly at what seemed a terrible line rather than a desperate attempt to talk about anything that couldn't lead to the flirtation that seemed to be in the air.

Hannibal gave a knowing, sharp-toothed grin, which softened into a slightly less intimidating smile. "Art History, but also some classes in history and anthropology. It is always important to have context."

Will nodded.

"And you?"

"Literature, creative writing. Some criminology electives. I… I wanted to be a cop, but then I got this scholarship for writing, so I figure, hedge my bets?" Will felt self conscious saying it. His dad had been a cop before his mum died and everything went to shit. He knew his dad was torn about the whole thing - he wanted Will to get an education as long as it didn't cost him anything, but writing also wasn't what most ex-cop, pig-headed alphas wanted for their only alpha son.

He must have given more of those thoughts away in his expression than he realised because Hannibal was looking at him with sympathy in a way that made him uncomfortable.

"Yeah, I'm a scholarship kid." Will reiterated, just short of snapping the words.

Hannibal frowned. “That’s nothing to be ashamed of Will. You have earned your place more than I. You have entered college on your own merits, I merely on the money of my family. And you seem to be practical minded when it comes to classes, I think that speaks much more highly of you than most.”

There was a genuine and warm smile from the omega that made Will want to cringe at how shitty he must have sounded. “Yeah, I’m sorry. That’s nice of you to say. I didn’t mean to get salty… some people aren’t as cool with scholarship kids.”

Hannibal dismissed the apology with a wave of his hand. “Quite astonishingly there are always high numbers of idiots in institutes of higher learning. I hope you don’t think me one of them.”

Will smiled. “Nah. Of course not. You… you actually seem pretty cool.”

Hannibal returned the smile.

“So, are you working on anything right now?” Hannibal asked, as they moved to the next row of stalls.

“Huh?”

“I assume you still write?”

“Oh, yeah. Sadly not an awful lot of time with having to keep my grades up. I have been working on a crime fiction for a long while - serial killer stuff. But I don’t get a lot of time for it.” He paused and then grinned as a thought popped into his head - “Though… Freddie, Freddie Lounds on the college paper? She asked me to write a column on this event. I don’t know what I’d write though? Not everyone comes in costume and we’re the only ones not having fun?” He laughed self-consciously.

“Maybe interviews?” Hannibal suggested thoughtfully. “Or your point of view as an outsider?”

“Yeah, maybe. I think she’s expecting some sort of ground breaking expose.” Will chuckled.

Hannibal let out a low chuckle of his own. “You could do some investigative journalism on the practicalities of yiffing in fursuits?”

“What?”

“Oh nothing.” Hannibal smiled and continued on, leaving Will to catch up the few paces.

*

They walked and talked their way around the rest of the stalls, stopping at some to genuinely look. Seeing this experience through the eyes of someone studying anthropology was mesmerising. Will had no idea he would have enjoyed it so much. Maybe that could be the angle of the column?

Hannibal frowned and then let out a sigh as they returned to their starting point. Frank still surrounded by other furries - some even stopping to ask to have their photo with him and his outstanding fursuit. “I don’t think it will work out.” Hannibal said quietly, perhaps some regret there?

“Because of this?” Will asked motioning with his hand to indicate the convention and outfits and Francis, who was now in deep conversation with the huggy wolves. He was half tempted to jump in with - *because this really isn’t my scene either if you want to get out of here?!*

He clenched his jaw instead and held back the words. He wasn’t going to act like a teenager in rut just because the omega’s scent was the most intoxicating thing he’d ever inhaled and the conversation had been some of the most interesting he’d had in awhile. And the easy way they talked and bordered on teasing and for a moment Will could fool himself into thinking an omega might find him of interest… No, he wasn’t going to say that. He was however, thankful that they’d never actually met when he was with Alana… who seemed somewhat of a distant memory in that moment.

Hannibal chuckled. “No… This isn’t something I’ve ever had an interest in personally, but I am always open to new things. I was glad when Francis invited me, I thought it meant…”

Will’s heart and stomach sank in unison though they had no right. Hannibal was clearly invested in this thing he was starting with Frank and miserable that so far the other alpha had been pretty much ignoring them whilst catching up with his friends.

“Hey, you know, Frank’s just a bit… socially challenged. He’ll be parading you around like a trophy within the hour.” Will found himself deflecting his own pressing desire for the omega by stating the facts as he saw them. Francis wasn’t a complete dick… but only because he didn’t realise that he was usually being a complete dick.

Will was surprised by Hannibal’s slightly dark chuckle and half grin. “Francis is lovely, just the kind of alpha my uncle would want me to bring home. But, this isn’t going to work out. This is our third date and I had hoped us coming here was a sign of… something. But then we have you in tow.”

“Yeah, I’m sorry about-”

“Oh, no don’t apologise. I find you fascinatingly diverting.” Hannibal waved the words away with a dismissive dark furred hand. His words were quiet though not a whisper, but thick with deliciously accented notes “I only knew of you of course through Alana before this. It has been lovely having this chance to know you. I have attempted to be as interested in Francis as I should be, but it just isn’t happening. Perhaps if he’d shown any sexual interest? But unfortunately, sweet Francis appears to be labouring under the misconception that I am as prim and proper as my breeding would indicate and desire old fashioned courting.”

Will could feel the blood drain from his face. His cock twinged slightly and he had no doubt whatsoever from Hannibal’s lowered eyes looking up at him through lashes that that had been exactly the omega’s intent.

“I… uh, maybe we should join Frank.” Will managed to stutter out the words and start towards The Dragon. Was Hannibal flirting with him? Was he misreading it? Wasn’t he there on a date with Frank??? Will could feel sweat prickling uncomfortably at the back of his neck.

“Hey Frank.” Will knew sounded fraught to his own ears, but no one else seemed to notice. Urgh, this was why he stuck with betas - no alpha should be this intimidated by an omega - even if it was a complete turn on at the same time. He pushed the thoughts down and forced a smile up.

“Will, Hannibal. This is Matthew and Randall, friends of mine. Just catching up.”

Will nodded to them both and they sort of nodded their wolfy heads in return. Will read their signs aloud - “Free hugs…” then the next - “$2 Delux Hugs… Do I want to know what constitutes a delux hug?” Will tried to sound funny rather than the tad terrified that he was. There was something unnerving about not being able to see the men’s faces whilst they offered hugs. It was only then that he noticed Hannibal had quietly drawn Frank away.

The attention of the lamb and both wolves drawn to the pair who now stood to the side of the room talking. Will could only see Hannibal’s face - an expression of regret and apology as he took hold of Frank’s hand, patting it gently. Frank’s head hung a little lower and he nodded before heading off out of the room. Hannibal smiled and walked back over.

“Everything okay?” One of the wolves asked - Will was unsure which was which.

“Oh yes, I just had to let Francis down gently. He seemed to understand, but I’m sure he’d appreciate a friend right now.” Hannibal spoke softly.

The ‘free hugs’ guy got the hint and started off towards the door Francis had exited. The other - ‘delux hugs - stayed for a moment and Will was sure that had he not been wearing a wolf's head the man would have still appeared wolfish. His attention was certainly trained on Hannibal in a way only a wolf stalking a stag could be.

Damn, all omegas were really out of his league.

“If you’re looking for company…” The, clearly alpha, wolf started and Will felt his hackles rise in spite of his feelings of inadequacy.

“For two dollars? I don’t know if that makes you cheap, or *me* cheap.” Hannibal’s cutting humour was delivered with such charm it was hard to know if he meant offense. Certainly none seemed to have been taken, as the wolf chuckled and Will could practically see his wolf tongue lolling out of his mouth. “But alas, I think I might call it a day shortly.” Hannibal dismissed with a wave of his hand and Will’s attention was caught by it for only a moment before switching to the wolf, who was easing himself forward and between Hannibal and Will.

“I could give you a ride anywhere you like?” The wolf drawled.

Will didn't realise a growl had risen in his throat until it rumbled out. He wasn't sure if the flush of heat to his face was embarrassment or ire, however he knew it burned even hotter when Hannibal's eyes flashed to him.

"Quite alright, as you can see I have my wolf in sheep's clothing right here." Hannibal smiled, dismissing the other alpha with such charm that Will almost felt sorry for him. Within a moment he couldn't feel much at all as Hannibal slipped his hand through the crook of Will's arm and steered them away from Mr Delux Hugs.

"Uh, Hannibal… I…" Will wasn't sure what he was going to say. Apologise for the unseemly growl? Ask what the omega was playing at? His mind was racing between options and completely unable to settle on one as Hannibal's scent, now so close, pulled at his every fibre.

Hannibal set an unhurried but determined pace for them, weaving casually through more wolves, and then past another deer, a tiger, a cat, a raccoon and a possum all talking loudly and laughing. Even so, Will barely registered them, even as several of the alpha eyed them in passing - Hannibal was clearly making quite the impression and it nearly drew more growls from Will.

"Where are we going?" Will finally asked, still not resisting Hannibal's guiding.

"I had thought about calling a taxi, but I think I'd rather we found a quiet room somewhere, hmm?" Hannibal's words were light, casual.

"Wha-?" Will blinked and swallowed hard, allowing himself to be lead into a thankfully quiet corridor. "What do-"

"Will, please don't mistake me. Maybe it is your scent, maybe it is these suits dragging my mind back to a primal state of when we were nothing more than rutting animals like this, sliding against each other fur on fur…" his voice trailed off and he seemed lost in thought as he halted. He turned and looked Will dead in the eye. "I really need you to fuck me."

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Lambs and stags and yiffing, OH MY!

I really need you to fuck me

The words seemed to bounce around Will's skull, not quite sinking in even as his body reacted and he became immediately, and painfully hard.

"What?" Will blinked.

Hannibal looked up and down the corridor - there were some people at one end just exiting into another room but it was otherwise empty. He leaned back against the wall and pulled Will to him, furry grey hands grasping at his sheep-skin.

"Will…" Hannibal was breathy. "My heat is due in a week, my hormones are erratic. I had hoped Francis might finally make this move."

That stung and Will pulled back a little. "So… I'm a convenient alternative?"

"No." The word came out on a moan as Hannibal pulled him back, the strength of the omega doing nothing to stop his cock making his interest known. "I… It was never going to work with Francis and I feel terrible that I might have used him for convenience. But that isn't what this is." Hannibal pulled him closer still until they could feel the hardness of each other even through the fur. "I'd seen you at parties of course, with Alana. Caught your scent here and there, I hadn't known you'd be here today… But I am so entirely grateful for this chance to finally meet you. You intrigued me when I knew nothing of you, and now…" he ground his hips against Will and they both moaned.

"Fuck." Will grit his teeth.

"Believe it or not, I'm not usually this forward, but…" Hannibal trailed off and Will found himself nodding his understanding. Because he couldn't deny he felt it too. The connection they had. Despite their massively differing backgrounds and lives, there was something drawing them together and with their cocks hard and the rising scent of slick now adding to Hannibal's tantalising scent, Will had no desire to deny it.

"Come on." Will pulled away and dragged Hannibal with him, striding down the corridor and looking in each room as they passed until they came to one marked as the basement access. Will tried the door and it was locked, he growled.

Hannibal pulled his wallet from Will didn't know where, and removed a credit card, sliding it into the door gap until it pushed the latch. Hannibal grinned up at Will. "Better for something other than shopping sprees."

Will growled and pulled the door open.

*

They had barely kept their footing as they tumbled down the steps. The space was full of spare furniture and fuse boxes. Will acted half on instinct as he towed Hannibal into the darkest corner, a few chairs and a desk taking up the space there.

Hannibal pulled him to a stop and down onto the desk in almost one smooth motion. Will groaned as he settled between the omega's legs, burying his head in Hannibal's neck. The sweat from the suit only served to make him all the more pungent and it was a heady mix that Will would be sad to lose when they stripped. Hannibal pulled him up and into a kiss then and Will lost all sense of time and space.

They rutted against each other for minutes or hours, Will wasn't sure. It felt like they were in a bubble of scent and noise - moans and grunts and whimpers from them both. The kissing alternating between gentle and sloppy - all teeth and tongue.

He was desperately hard when he pulled back from the omega, pulling down his hood and trying to reach for the zipper on his suit.

"No… Will…" Hannibal's words were thick with lust as his hands went to Will's crotch. He found what Will had been referring in his head to as *the piss flap* - snapping it open and sliding a hand in. Will groaned as Hannibal stroked him through his boxers, before finding the opening in those and freeing Will from both the shorts and fur. The cold air hit flesh cooled by leaking precum and Will's breath hitched.

Hannibal gripped his hips and pulled him forward as he leaned up, until he was able to take the tip of Will's cock in his mouth. He flicked his tongue over the head before mouthing at his slit, more precum running free.

"Ahh, Ha-Hannibal…" Will warned, already feeling his knot pull tight and start to inflate.

Hannibal released his tight grip and allowed Will to slide from him.

"How do we… do you… with the suits? How can…" Will was trying to work out the logistics, but Hannibal apparently already had that covered. The omega grinned and flipped himself over on the table so that his ass hung over the end.

"Under my tail…" Hannibal directed before Will reached out a tentative hand.

"Fucking hell Hannibal" Will groaned as he found the discrete zipper under the stag's puffed tail.

"Don't mistake my intentions, I didn't plan this, I just planned *for* it. My tailor asked if he should include it and it seemed silly not to… just in case."

“God bless your tailor.” Will muttered as he pulled the zipper, the area already damp from slick, the scent of which became more intoxicating as the moments passed.

Will groaned and dropped to his knees behind Hannibal, pulling aside the fursuit and finding bare flesh. No underwear. He licked his lips before leaning in, unable to resist. Hannibal took a sharp breath and let it out as a sigh as Will tongued at his entrance. The scent was unbelievable, Will was giddy from it as fresh waves of slick leaked from Hannibal and onto his tongue. He cleaned the area with his mouth until he finally chased the taste with his tongue, pushing it into Hannibal as deep - the fluffy tail brushing in his hair.

Hannibal spread his legs as wide as he could as Will continued to eat him out, both of them messy and groaning.

“Will… please…” Hannibal panted. “I want… knot me alpha…”

Will drew back and wiped a furry arm across his mouth, stroking himself a couple of times slowly as he tried to gain some control. He wasn’t going to damn well cum before he even knotted the magestic stag.

He grabbed Hannibal’s furry ass as he got to his feet, affording no preamble as he lined himself up and pushed in, slick gliding his way and dripping from their joining. They both moaned into it as Hannibal pushed back to take him deep.

Will took the invitation and started to fuck into Hannibal hard and rough. He leaned in, pressing the omega down and taking in that exquisite scent. They built a rhythm together that had Hannibal chasing his own pleasure against the desk - his cock still trapped within the confines of his fursuit.

“Alpha, alpha…” Hannibal moaned with each stolen gasp as Will pounded him against the desk. Will had never fucked like this before - rarely been with an omega and never a male omega, never like this. The strong muscles beneath his hands were such a turn on. That strength and domineering presence he so loved in strong omegas, now under his hands and allowing him control. Not to appease the alpha, but because the omega wanted it, and that was more erotic than any other sex Will had ever had.

“I’m going to fill you up, Hannibal.” Will found the words falling from his mouth before they were even in his head. “I’m going to knot you so hard you’ll feel it for days.”

“Yes… please Will.” Hannibal breathed out the words.

As Will’s knot started to inflate he stuttered the rhythm a little, pulling out more before finally pushing in hard, once and then twice. Will came with a cry as soon as his knot sealed inside Hannibal and the tightness squeezed around him.

He continued to make shallow thrusts through the orgasm, feeling the pleasuring pooling as though a vast reserve remained. And it turned out it did, as Hannibal then came with a grunt and a long groan - the constriction around his cock and knot had Will’s eyes rolling back as he came again, even harder.

“Fuuuccccck…” his hips were still snapping almost beyond his control as he spilled over and over inside the omega, as Hannibal moaned his pleasure beneath him.

“Will…” Hannibal panted as he finally slowed to a stop. “What are you doing this time next week?”

Will’s mind instantly understood - Hannibal would be in heat then. Will bit his lip at the thought of being invited to fuck the omega through his heat.

He came again from the thought alone, both of them letting out low sounds of pleasure as he did so.

*

“You’re very soft… for an alpha I mean.” Hannibal said as he ran a hand through Will’s curls.

Will quirked an eyebrow. “I’m wearing a suit of fur, Hannibal.”

They were arranged as comfortably as they could be, facing each other and locked together on the the desk, still in their suits and now both sweaty and soiled in a way that should make them uncomfortable, but somehow didn’t. Will’s was a little loose about the neckline now, though Hannibal’s hood was still up - attached the antler headdress.

They had been tied for about 20 minutes before they were unable to resist going at it again, this time face to face so that they could kiss each other, nip at each others necks in that teasing way that made cumming all the more sweeter. It had been slow and tender. Will had gripped onto an antler with one hand, controlling Hannibal’s movement and angling him to Will’s sensitive neck. That commanding grasp seemed to have turned them both on a hell of a lot. Hannibal had sucked kisses into the flesh over his scent glands until he was ready to cum from that alone. Now Hannibal’s legs were wrapped around him, and Will felt no compunction about resting the whole of his weight on the well built omega as they waited out his knot for the second time.

“No.. I mean, generally. There is this sweetness to you.” Hannibal’s long fingers moved from his hair down his neck and made him shiver.

“You clearly spend way too much time around varsity assholes and fraternities. Don’t get me wrong. They’re all big softies too, they just aren’t allowed to show it. Toxic alphaness.”

“Perhaps.” Hannibal chuckled. “But there is something beneath the surface with you. Something the right omega could bring out in you… My beautiful lamb, what you must be beneath this fur…” Hannibal considered as he trailed off, his hands stroking over Will in all the right places.

“Why a stag?” Will huffed, trying not to let the pleasure consume him - they couldn’t remain knotted all day.

“Something powerful, but seemingly non-threatening to our dragon and wolf friends. Like you - a wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

“Ha, no, I didn’t have a choice. This is all they had.”

“And if you’d had a choice?”

“I don’t know… a dog? I always wanted a dog.”

Hannibal let out a low chuckle. “A lesser member of the pack… not realising how truly powerful you are. You would still have been an alpha wolf beneath it all. I can see you Will Graham, there’s no hiding from me.”

Despite the light tone, he knew Hannibal was deeply serious. Because that much was clear between them. This was *something*. He wasn’t sure what and Will was never going to try to pin any hopes on romance, let alone with an omega. But… that’s what this felt like. Despite the desperation of their first round, the tenderness of their second - these moments now gave flickers of thought. An idea of what this could be between them.

He nuzzled into Hannibal’s neck, enjoying the scent while he could. Just in case. But maybe he didn’t need to worry -

“I meant what I said.” Hannibal practically purred, his fingers twisting in Will’s hair as he held on tighter, clearly enjoying Will’s attention. “If you weren’t opposed to spending my heat with me? I’ve never… not with anyone before, but…”

Will pulled back then. Hannibal Lecter was a much more sexual creature than he might have imagined, but few omegas gave away their heats without serious consideration and commitment. He could see in Hannibal’s warm maroon eyes that he was completely serious. Will’s heart thud heavily for a moment before he nodded.

Hannibal pulled him into another slow and deep kiss that lasted until his knot deflated and they were able to slip apart, both exposed and suits soiled.

When the stood and straightened themselves up, righting their suits and doing them up, Will looked them both up and down. He laughed with a grimace before scrubbing a hand over his face. Getting out of the convention centre and finding a taxi was going to prove interesting in this state.

“I think if we are to do this again we should perhaps enquire of the actual furries about more practical ways of yiffing in fursuits.” Hannibal chuckled.

“Ok, well I only understood every other word of that. But I think I agree? And…” he bit his lip, and pulled at Hannibal’s little tail. “I wouldn’t be opposed to doing this again.” Hannibal pulled him into another kiss as he continued to fondle Hannibal’s tail. “You smell so fucking good.”

Hannibal chuckled. “Yes, I’m sure our combined scent is going to start to draw attention soon. Perhaps we should-” he indicated the steps.

Will nodded and pulled his phone from the one lone pocket in his suit. He dialed Bev.

“Hey Bev. Um, can you give me and Hannibal a ride? Nah, we’ve ditched Frank… he’s fine. We just… We aren’t getting the bus dressed like this… Beverly Katz! Ok…” Will held his hand over the phone and told Hannibal - “She’s out with Freddie. She’ll see whether Freddie is happy for them to make the detour.”

Hannibal nodded and was clearly trying to keep a straight face. He moved closer and started to nuzzle at Will’s neck, worrying the flesh with his sharp teeth as they waited.

“Hi, yeah. She what? Ugh. Hang on.” Will covered the phone again. “Freddie says, only if I promise to write a sensational story for the paper.”

Hannibal took the phone from him before he could protest. The omega stepped back and pressed the camera function on the side. Will was still looking confused when Hannibal clicked a full length picture of a dishevelled and soiled lamb. He pressed a few buttons and the phone beeped to indicate message sent, before passing the phone back to Will.

Will took it, wide-eyed and held it to his ear. He heard a gasp, then Bev’s cackling laughter. Finally she calmed enough to say - “We’re on our way.”

Will looked down at his phone then, both horrified and amused to find Hannibal had sent the picture in a message to Bev along with the text - *Is this a sensational enough expose for you?* Will’s suit was soiled in very telling places, his neck was covered in hickeys and his hair was even messier than usual. There was no way Freddie would be able to resist that. Will was even half tempted to actually write it… For private consumption at the least.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!